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Proverbs  
of the  
People

by  
Ornette Souza

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D'ORLÉANS



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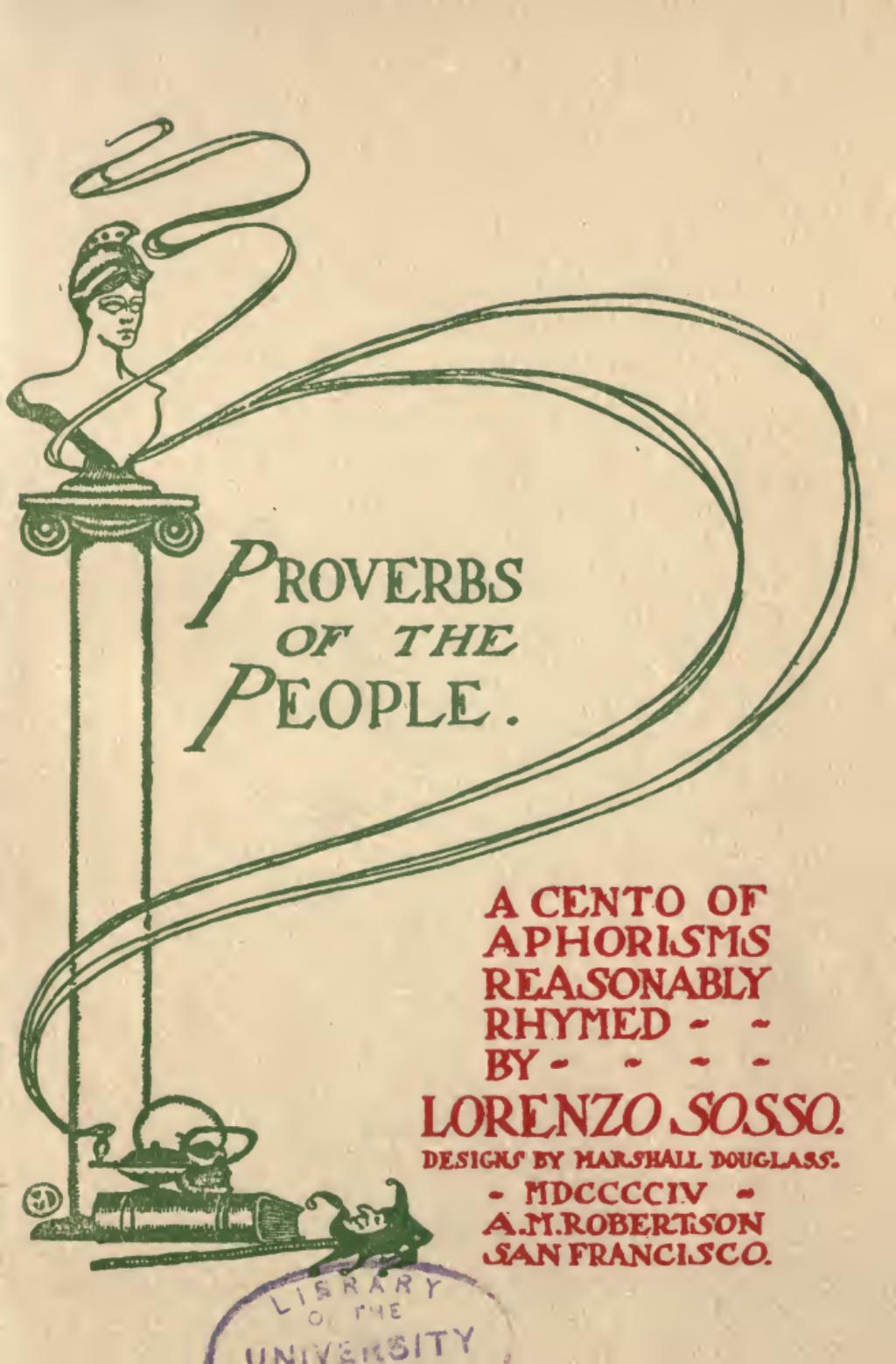
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# PROVERBS OF THE PEOPLE.

A CENTO OF  
APHORISMS  
REASONABLY  
RHYMED - - -  
BY - - -

**LORENZO SOSSO.**

DESIGNS BY MARSHALL DOUGLASS.

- MDCCCCIV -  
A.M. ROBERTSON  
SAN FRANCISCO.

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TO MY MOTHER

A little offering for a great love.

129821



## PREFACE

Alas! for the fate of the social reformer,  
Who finding things warm only makes things  
warmer.

**I**T was from the mouth of the garrulous Polonius that Shakespeare let fall one of those inestimable pearls of wisdom where-with his genius was so lavishly endowed: "Brevity is the soul of wit." O, brilliant truth! And as condensation is the highest attainment in the art of literary expression, whether rhythmical or rhetorical, so over the portal leading to the temple of Fame are carven in letters of gold the words **MULTUM IN PARVO**.

Of late there has been a plethora of Proverbs. Some perverted from their proper use; some cynically (and scenically) presented, to be calendered for all time; some the whimsies of a frivolous mind; some eviscerated of all wit; others the evaporation of wisdom condensed into a drop of fancy.

The author of this little booklet has not attempted to rival these later Solomons in their loquacious utterances for the benefit of both the elect and uninstructed. Emerson has stated that "Proverbs, like the sacred books

of each nation are the sanctuary of the Institutions." They are also an epigrammatic epitome of the common sense of the people, which neither the wit nor the jester, the satirist nor the sage, can entirely invalidate.

And there are no wiser commentaries to the prosaic tomes of Time than those proverbs which the peoples of all nations have originated. Indeed, many a proverb would serve as a fitting epitaph for mighty empires passed away.

It would be futile, therefore, for the writer of these pages to claim absolute originality for his production. But by casting them into a rhythmical form, after usages of eastern nations, it is hoped they may be easily memorized, and serve the apter purpose of quotation for the minister, the lecturer, the author, the orator, the lawyer, the publican, and all those wiser Philistines of our day whose modicum of morality is dispensed from their philters of wit one drop at a time.

No other merit is claimed,

And where no reward is expected, no rebuke  
should attend,

"With which moral I drop my theorbo," and  
come to an end.





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Whenever you would give advice  
Be not too liberal; keep a slice.

This is the law by which to live:  
To give to get, to get to give.

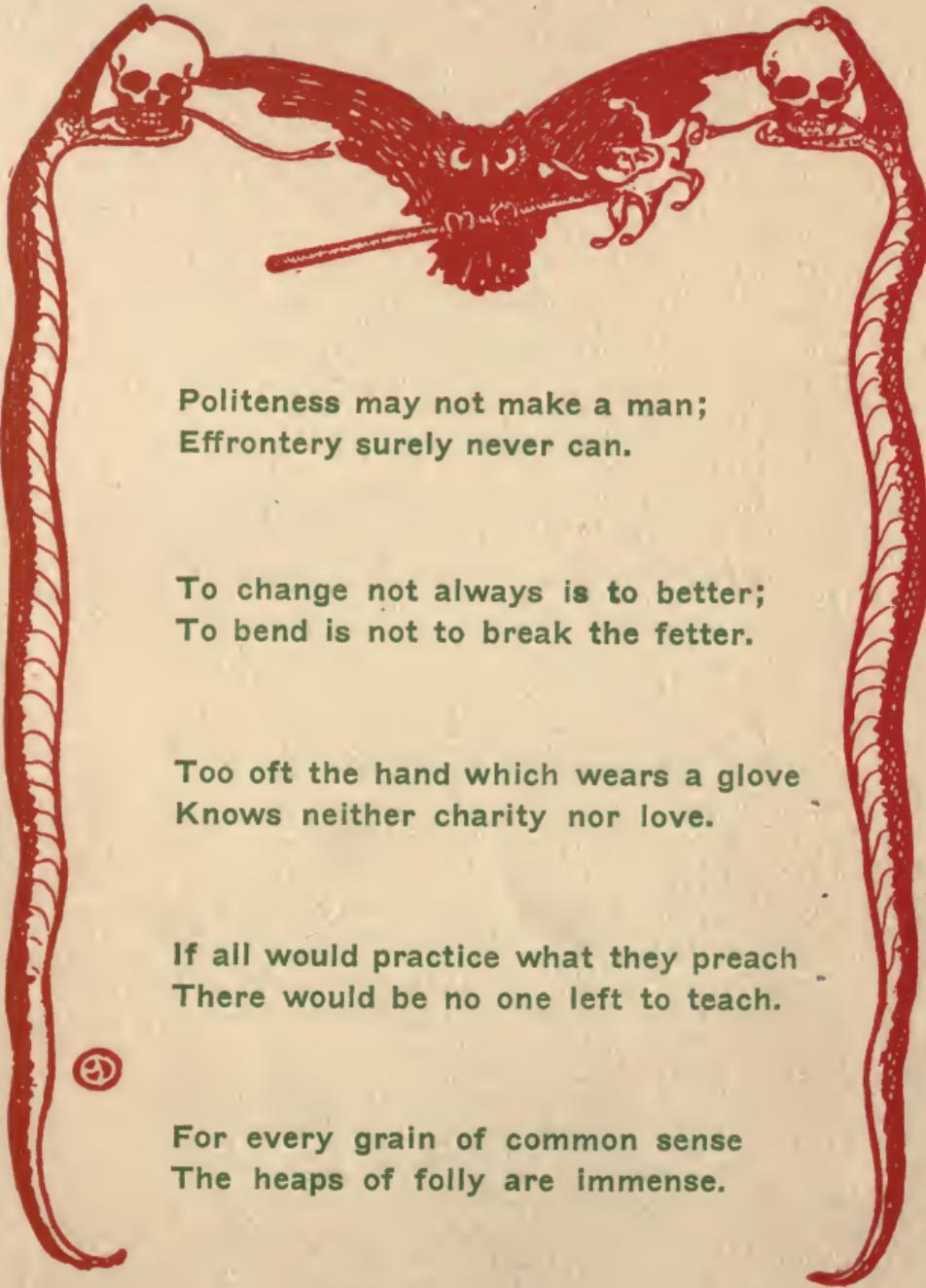
No want of will will always be  
No want of opportunity.

It will not help your feet to  
mount  
To look upon the steps and  
count.

'Tis not the luster of the blade  
Which makes the enemy afraid.







Politeness may not make a man;  
Effrontery surely never can.

To change not always is to better;  
To bend is not to break the fetter.

Too oft the hand which wears a glove  
Knows neither charity nor love.

If all would practice what they preach  
There would be no one left to teach.

For every grain of common sense  
The heaps of folly are immense.





Silence hath many ways  
For winning Wisdom's praise.

Quickly is love's duration reckoned,  
With woman a minute, with man a  
second.

How great their folly who suppose  
The thorn adds richness to the rose.

It is through what they instigate  
Some men succeed in being great.

(3)

If quality be nature's law,  
Then Jacob still should rule  
Esau.





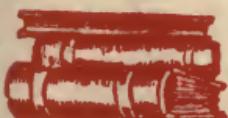
'Tis those who trust their all to  
Chance  
Who think fate rules each cir-  
cumstance.

Lament the present, not the  
past,  
If few of Fortune's gifts thou  
hast.

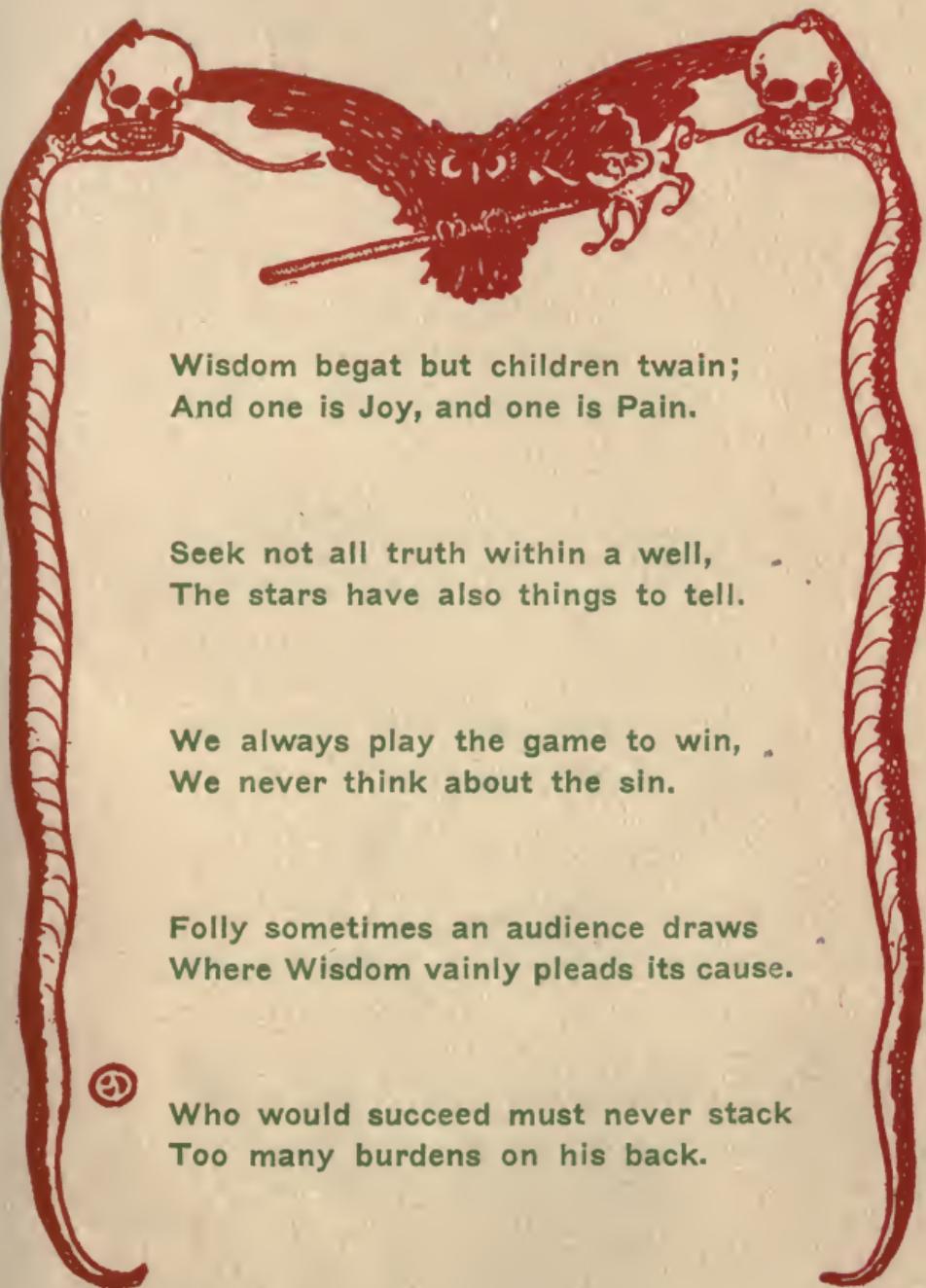
Even the greatest wisdom fails  
When weighing love in even  
scales.

'Tis deeper wisdom to refrain  
Than to presume to speak in  
vain.

Make of Adversity a friend;  
Much precious lore hath she to  
lend.







Wisdom begat but children twain;  
And one is Joy, and one is Pain.

Seek not all truth within a well,  
The stars have also things to tell.

We always play the game to win,  
We never think about the sin.

Folly sometimes an audience draws  
Where Wisdom vainly pleads its cause.

Who would succeed must never stack  
Too many burdens on his back.





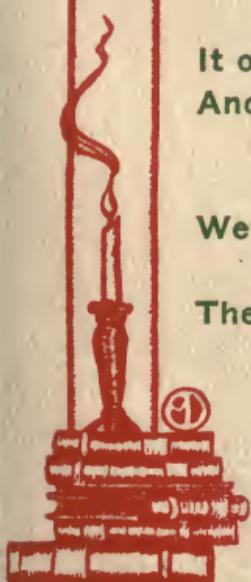
Better the envy of the witty  
Than to be looked upon with pity.

A compromise, however bad,  
Is better than a lawsuit had.

It often needs two swords to keep  
Another in its sheath asleep.

We may die with thirst at the  
brink of  
The fountain we once scorned to  
drink of.

Millions are spent for pride;  
a pence  
Suffices for benevolence.







O vain pursuit; to angle for a  
fish

Which would not fill the poorest  
beggar's dish.

The more 'tis rainbows that we  
chase

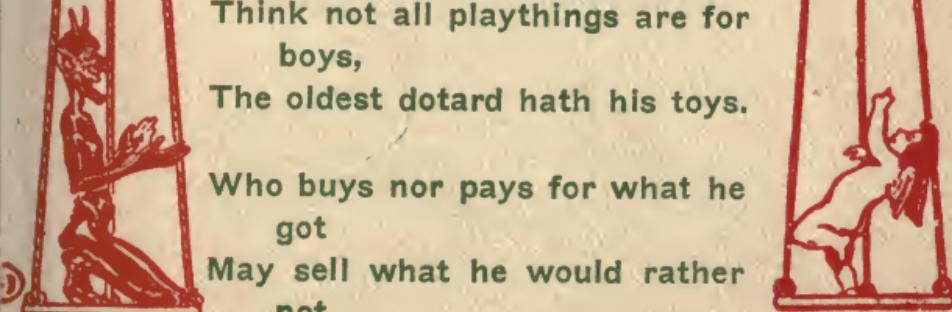
The more we madden in the  
race.

Think not all playthings are for  
boys,

The oldest dotard hath his toys.

Who buys nor pays for what he  
got

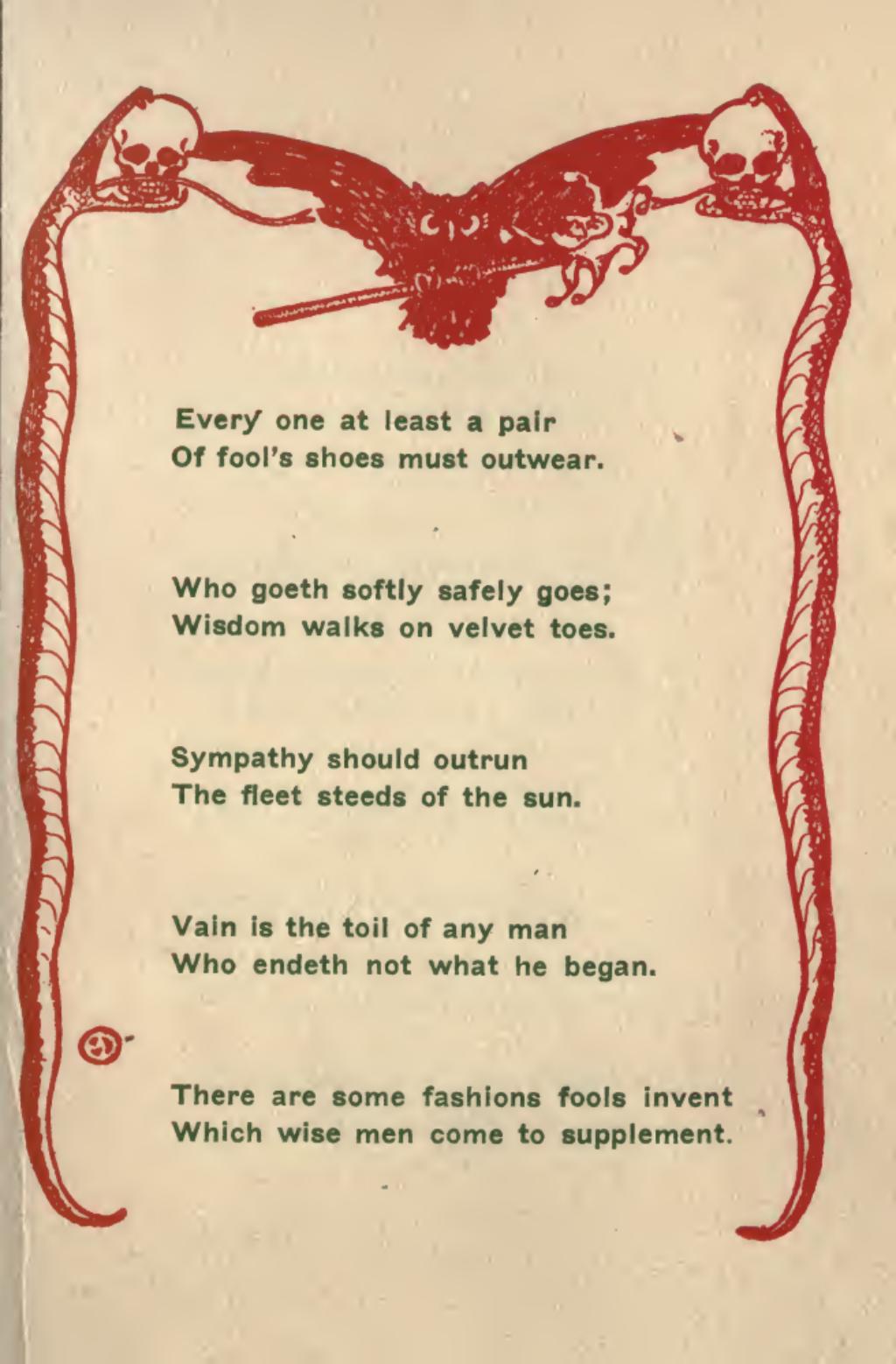
May sell what he would rather  
not.



The youth is apt to scorn at age,  
While folly envieth the sage.







**Every one at least a pair  
Of fool's shoes must outwear.**

**Who goeth softly safely goes;  
Wisdom walks on velvet toes.**

**Sympathy should outrun  
The fleet steeds of the sun.**

**Vain is the toil of any man  
Who endeth not what he began.**

 **There are some fashions fools invent  
Which wise men come to supplement.**





Sessions presided o'er by hate  
Never see cause to arbitrate.

A most precarious life he leads  
Who judges others their misdeeds.

More covetous the wish  
More grievous is the dish.

Strong are the legs which can sup-  
port  
Prosperity of every sort.

Let not the wise spurn fools  
In speech;  
Whom better could their  
wisdom teach?







A single penny fairly got  
Is worth a thousand that are not.

If greatness were enough for one  
The cow would soon the hare  
outrun.

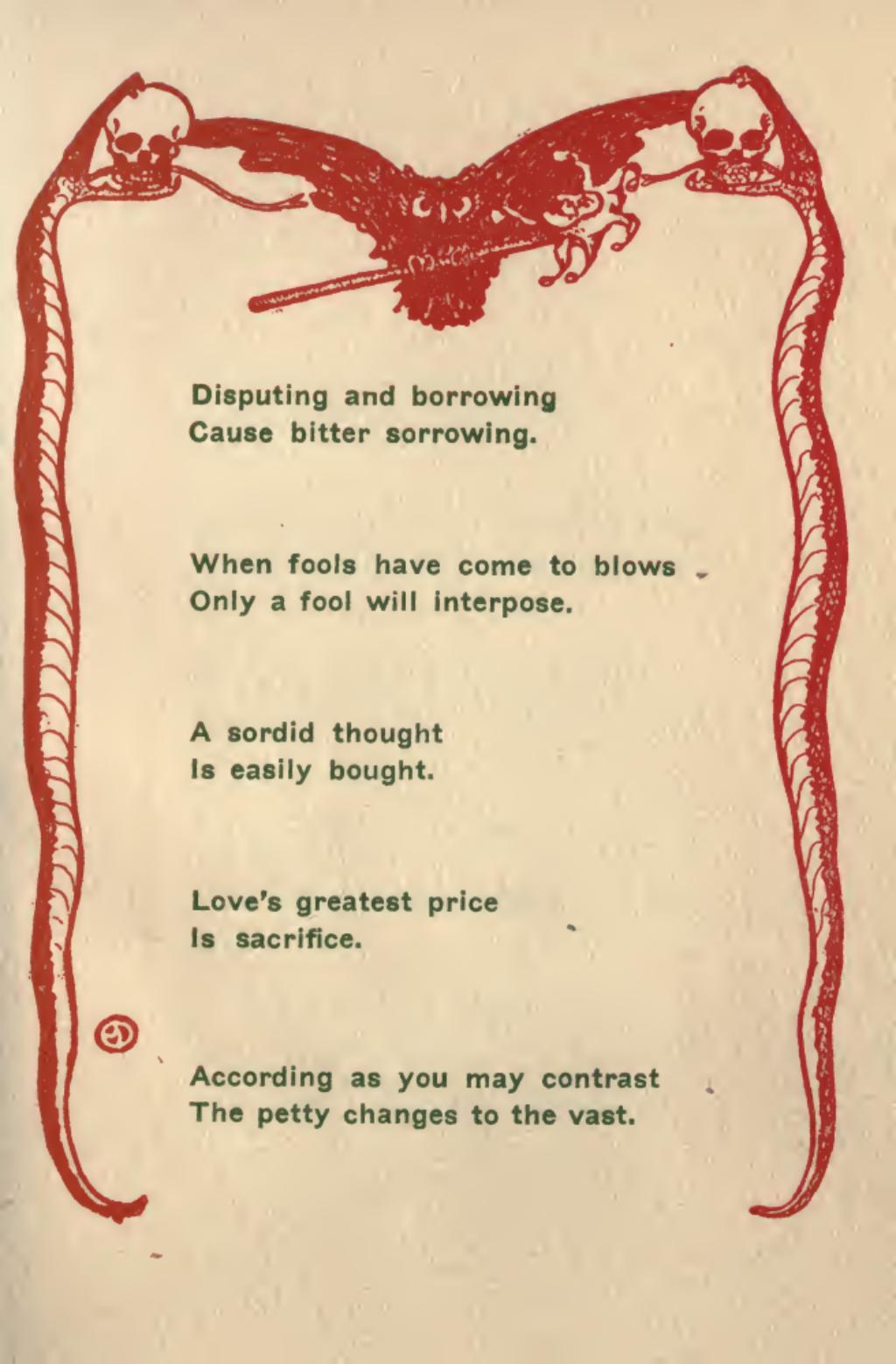
O strange that this should ever  
be,  
The bowl drowns more than  
doth the sea!

In Life's great volume every  
leaf  
Reveals the water-mark of Grief.

Not even fate can claim control  
Over man's fortitude of soul.







**Disputing and borrowing  
Cause bitter sorrowing.**

**When fools have come to blows  
Only a fool will interpose.**

**A sordid thought  
Is easily bought.**

**Love's greatest price  
Is sacrifice.**

 **According as you may contrast  
The petty changes to the vast.**





'Tis wise to drop the jest  
Then when it pleases best.

Second by second Time proceeds,  
And yet he sows eternal deeds.

As it is meted thee so meter;  
This were a law for Paul or Peter.

Do thou good deeds, and in the  
doing  
Remember they will bear renewing.

To-morrow's wealth can-  
not outweigh  
The priceless value of To-  
day.







The opulence of a spendthrift  
son  
Is but the miser's greed out-  
done.



Folly still attends the birth  
Of every mortal on the earth.



That wheel the fastest in its  
spoke  
Is very often the soonest broke.

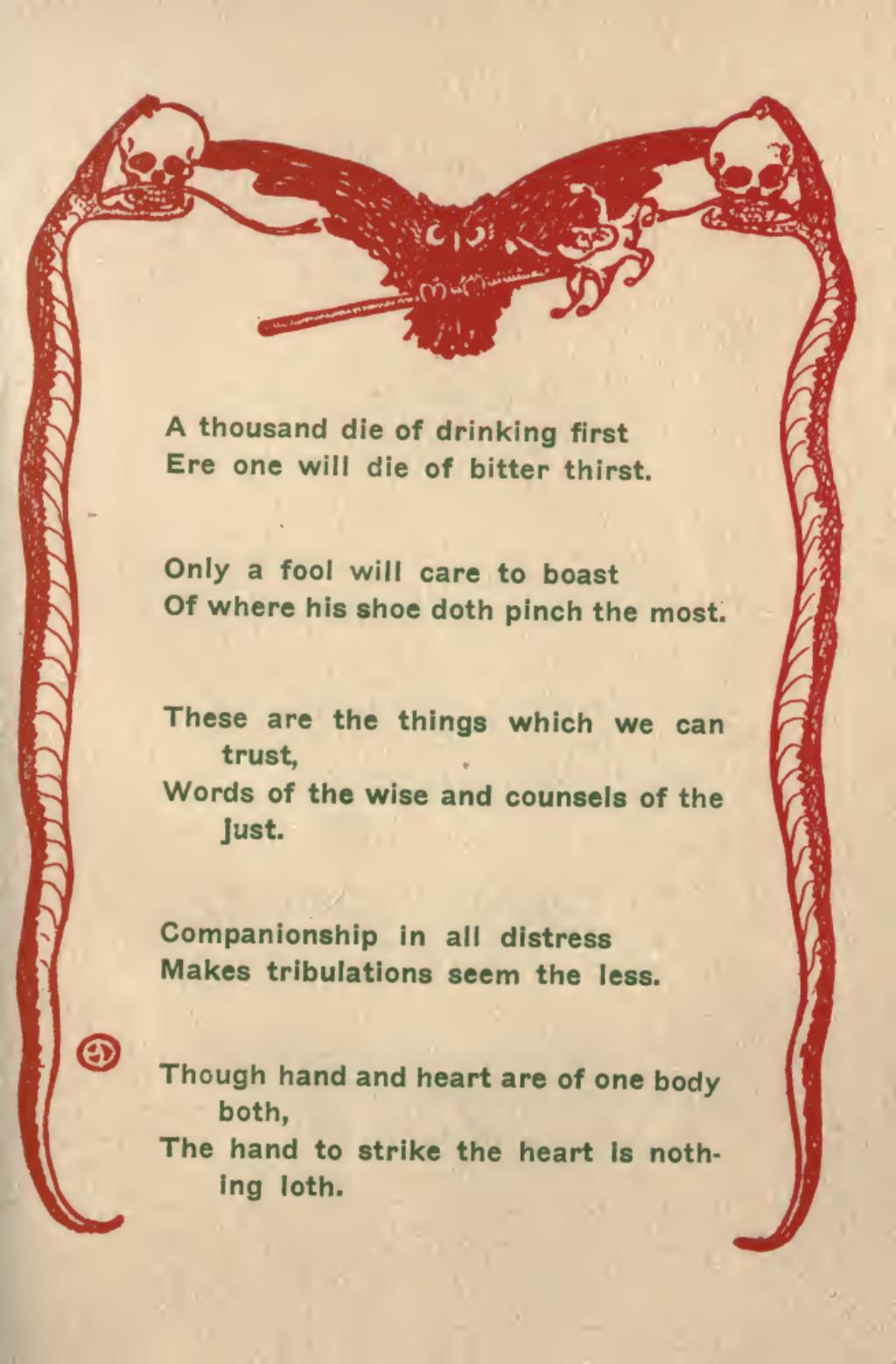


Who would lick honey from a  
thorn  
Will soon have cause enough to  
mourn.



The singing birds among the  
trees  
Sing not the public ear to  
please.





A thousand die of drinking first  
Ere one will die of bitter thirst.

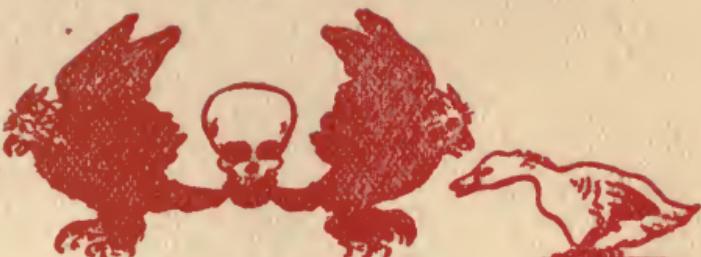
Only a fool will care to boast  
Of where his shoe doth pinch the most.

These are the things which we can  
trust,  
Words of the wise and counsels of the  
just.

Companionship in all distress  
Makes tribulations seem the less.

② Though hand and heart are of one body  
both,  
The hand to strike the heart is noth-  
ing loth.





A fool however young in years  
Knows some things better than the  
seers.

There is a law for each occasion;  
Another law for its evasion.

Much must he deal in courtesies.  
Who every one alike would please.

A hundred years of slight  
Make not one hour of Right.

In every joyful meeting -  
Some heart may be with  
sorrow beating.





However much a beggar choose  
A fortune is not his to lose.

Two things that harmonize and  
blend,  
A sundial's shadow, a fickle  
friend.

How foolish for the sheep to  
bleat  
When they the butcher go to  
meet.

The earth no worse a water  
keeps  
Than that which in the shadow  
sleeps.

Courageous hearts far less will  
boast  
Than those in want of courage  
most.







Not always are they free from care  
Who dance unto some joyful air.

Vain thought to make the wisest  
laugh,  
The cow thinks she was ne'er a calf.

A landmark good protection yields  
Though placed between two brothers'  
fields.

Think not by beating of a drum  
That fame and wealth to thee will  
come.

(2) Pride never found a more sumptuous  
niche  
Than the heart of a beggar grown sud-  
denly rich.





What cause have wealthy men for  
pride?  
No shrouds bear wallets on the  
side.

The coward still finds cause to fear  
Though peril may be never near.

No wind is good of any sort  
To him who steereth for no port.

The lightest burden on the back  
Will seem in time a heavy sack.

Birds sometimes their  
griefs assuage  
By bruising wings against  
their cage.







Who buys hath always eyes too  
few;  
Who sells, one eye for him will  
do.

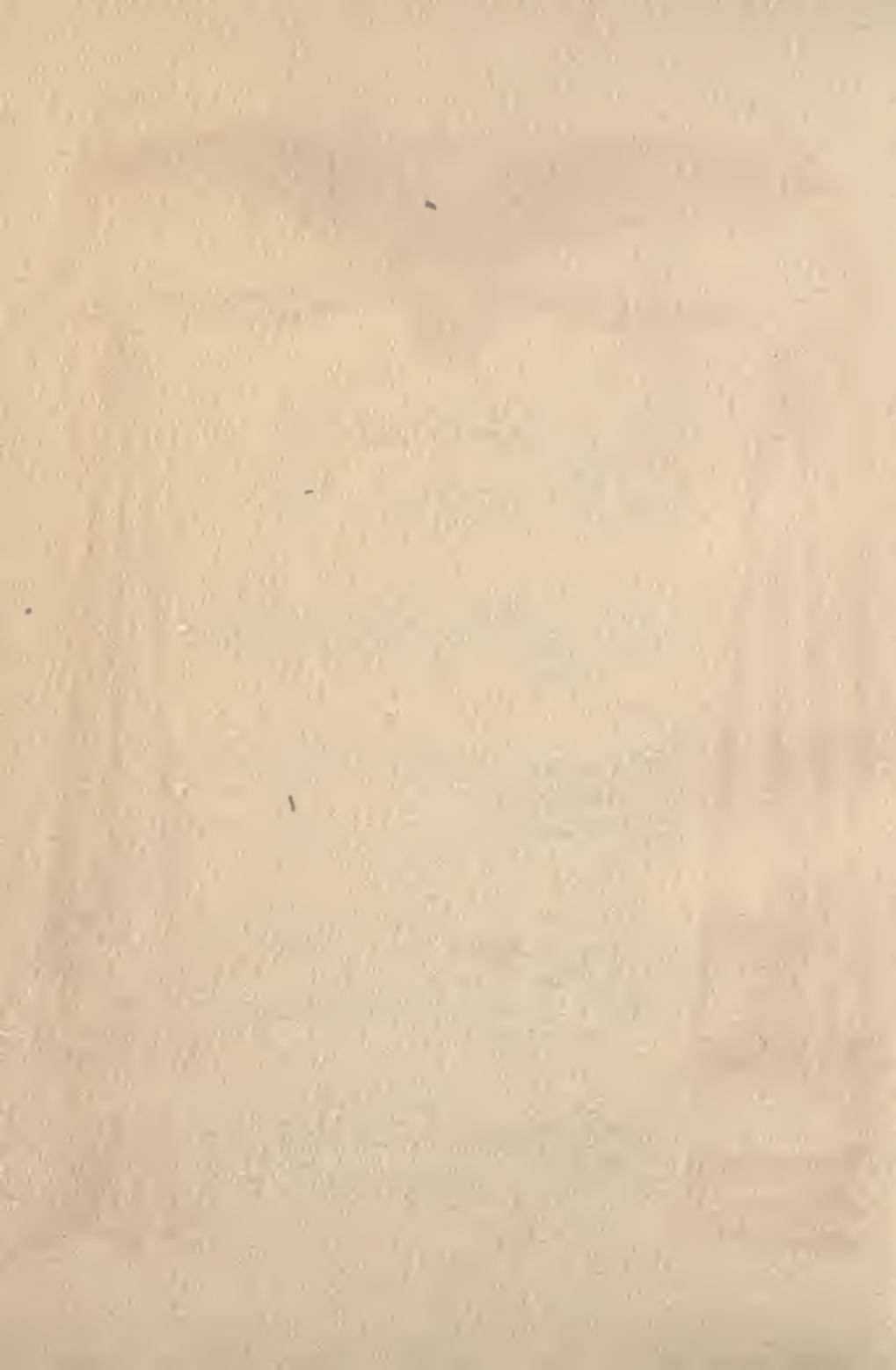
Who always speak do only sow;  
Who listen reap what others  
know.

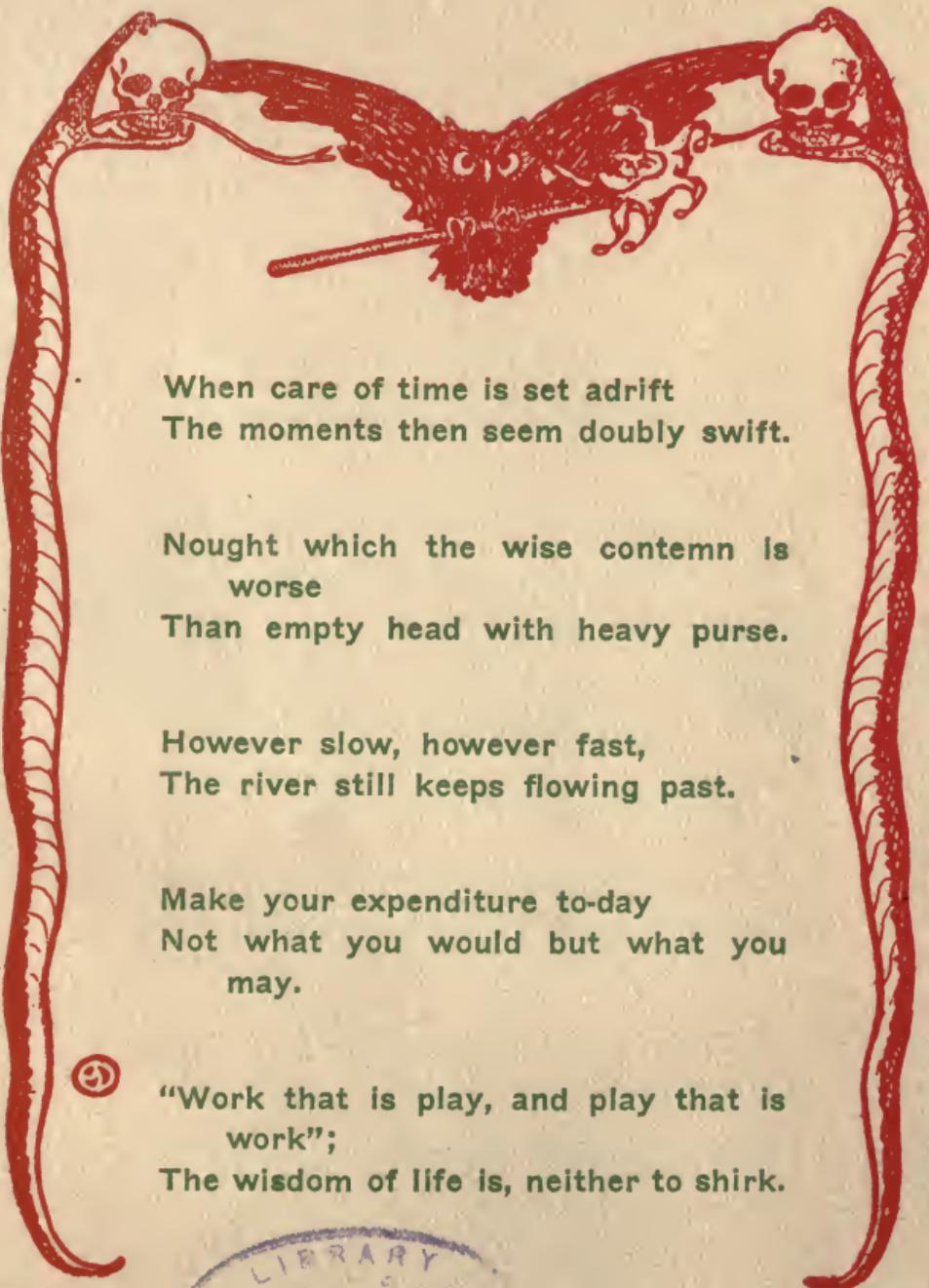
This adage learn and treasure  
long,  
Challenge no fool to do thee  
wrong.

Deeper the cut that's made by  
pride  
Than if a sword should pierce  
the side.

Like glow-worms sparkling in a  
pit,  
Our spirits gleam awhile then  
flit.







When care of time is set adrift  
The moments then seem doubly swift.

Nought which the wise contemn is  
worse  
Than empty head with heavy purse.

However slow, however fast,  
The river still keeps flowing past.

Make your expenditure to-day  
Not what you would but what you  
may.

(3) "Work that is play, and play that is  
work";  
The wisdom of life is, neither to shirk.











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